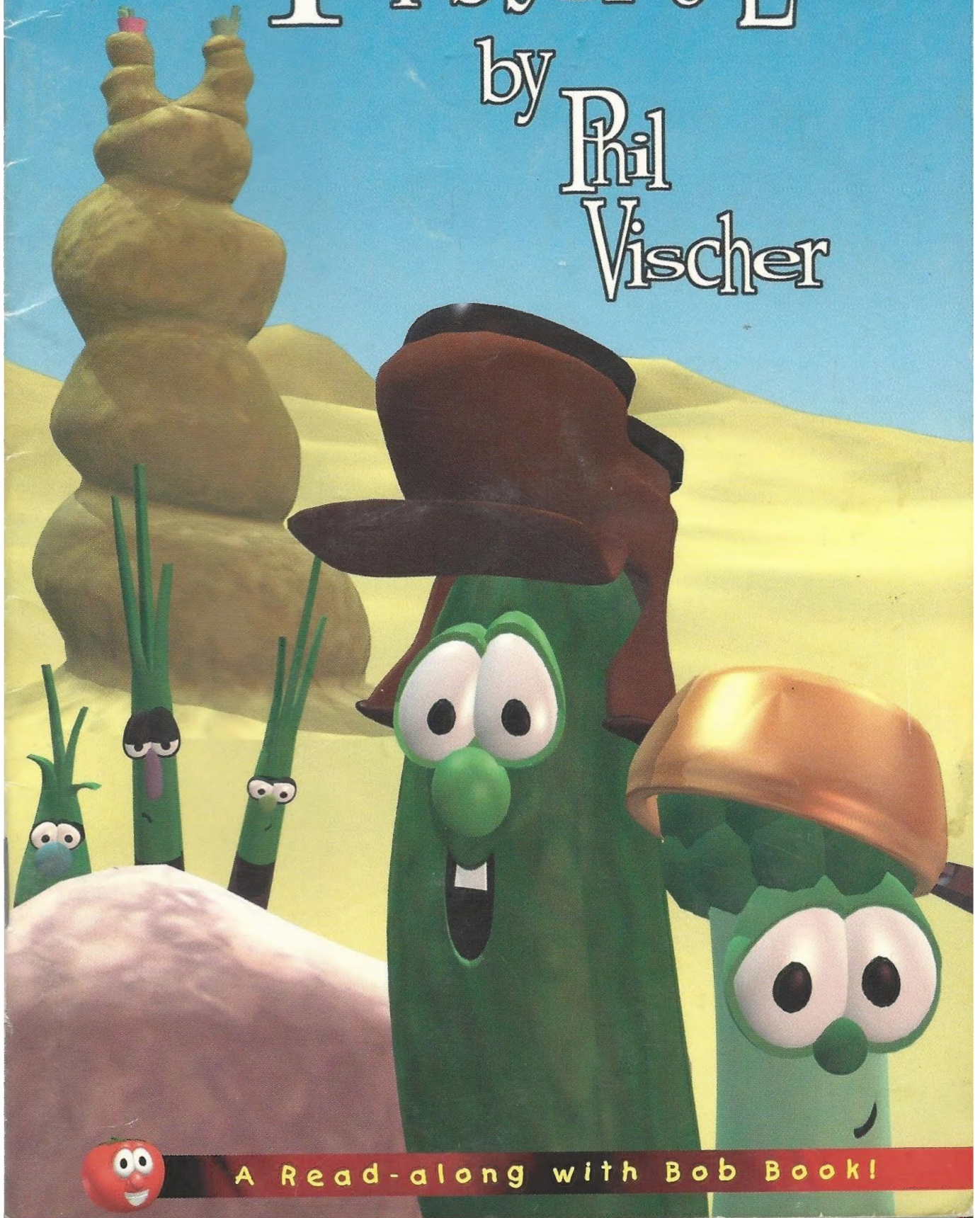


Big Idea Productions Presents

The Story of Flibber-o-Lo

by Phil
Vischer



A Read-along with Bob Book!

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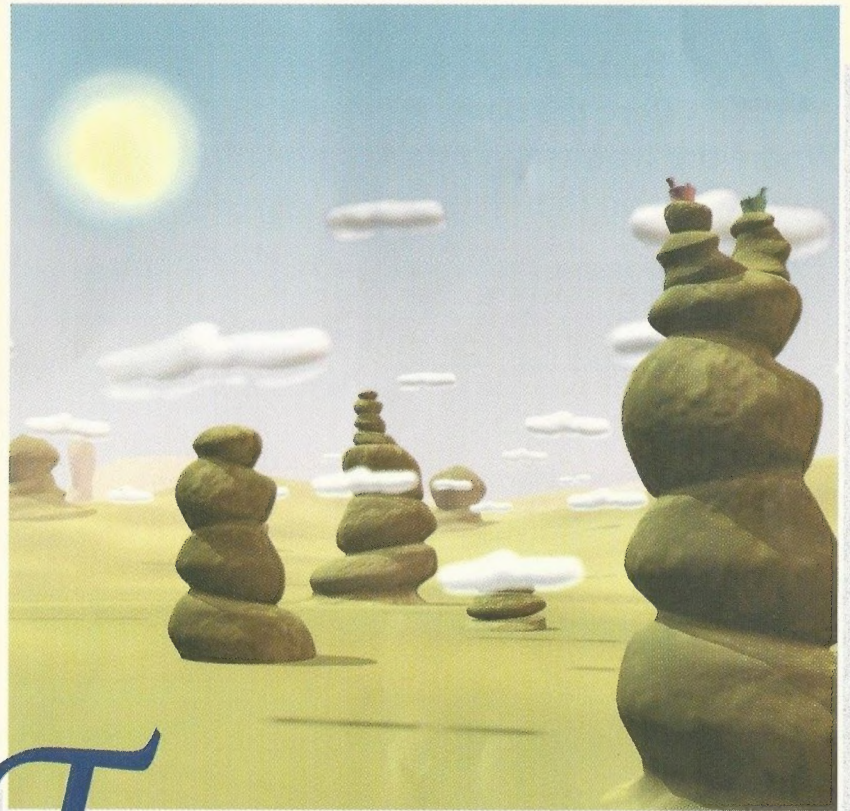
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Book Production & Design
Joe Sapulich & Jon Gadsby

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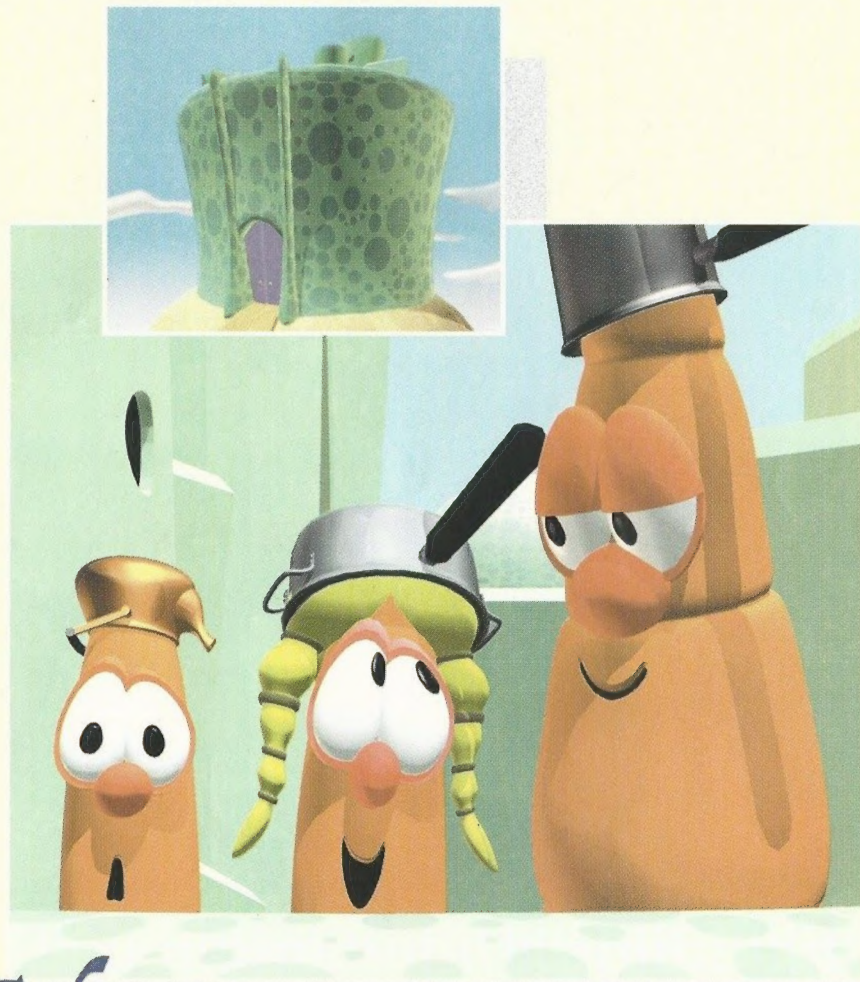
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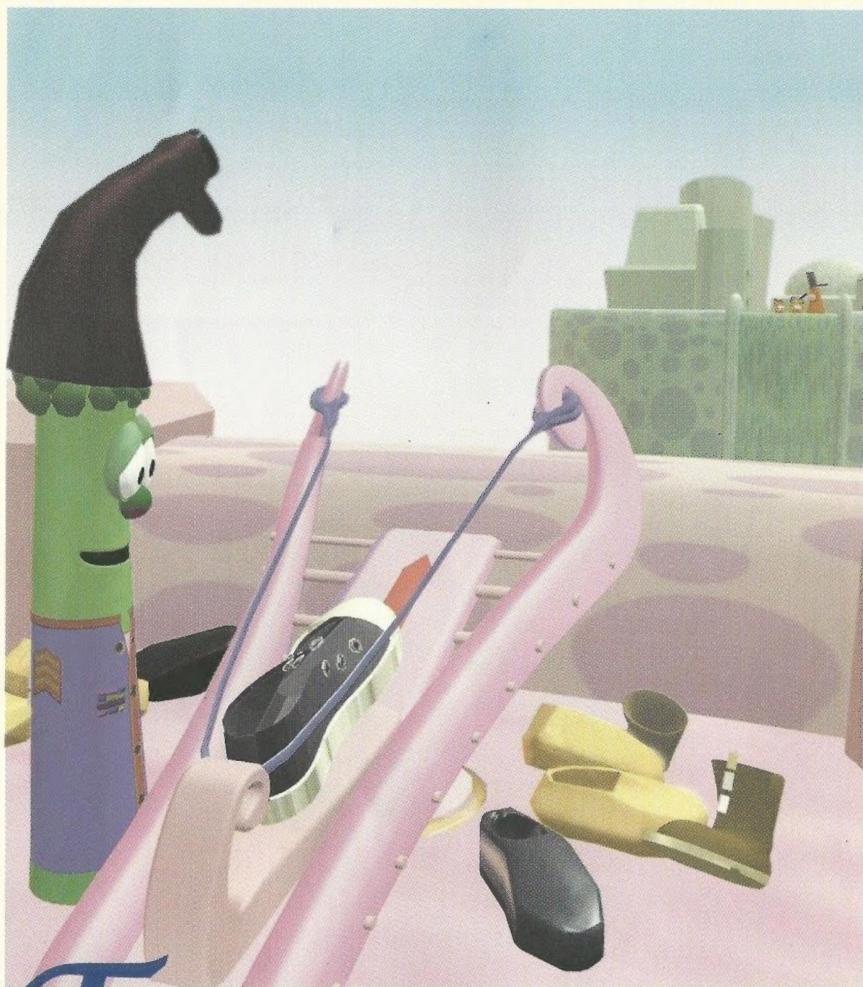
The sun always shone
On the mountains of Fibble,
The wind and the rain never came.
To call the place beautiful, no one would quibble.
Though hard on the feet, they'd exclaim.

But high in those hills, past the rocks and the rubble,
So high that the clouds were below,
Sat two tiny towns that were nothing but trouble!
As you listen, you'll see that it's so.

The town to the west,
 That thought it was best,
 Bore the name Flibber-o-loo,
 Where the women and men, since 1710,
 Have worn on their heads one large shoe.



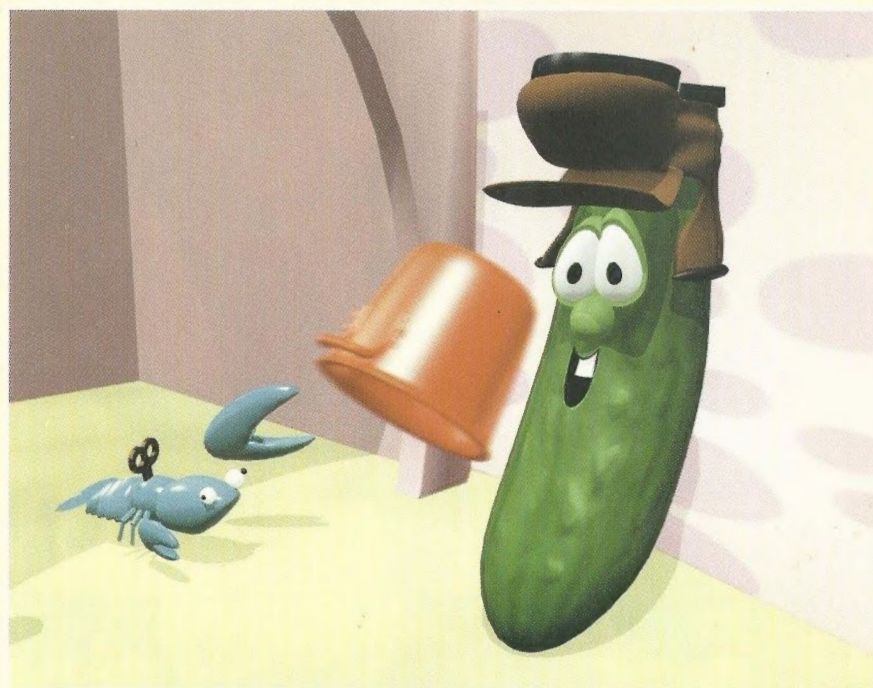
Now, in town number two,
 One big shoe wouldn't do.
 So the people of Jibber-de-lot
 Would look down and bellow at shoe-headed fellows
 And place on their own heads, a pot.



For days without end
 These two neighbors would bicker
 As to whose headgear was best,
 And the shoes and the pots would fly ever thicker,
 From morning to night, without rest.

But not *all* of the people
 Who lived in these cities
 Were angry and bitter and vile.
 A few would write poems and sing happy ditties,
 And greet all their friends with a smile.

One Flibbian fellow, who hated to fight,
 Tried hard not to act like a mobster.
 While pots crashed around him
 From morning 'til night
 He'd just play with his pet wind-up lobster.



They kept to themselves,
 And they'd talk, and they'd talk.
 Until one day he said,
 "Hey! Let's go for a walk!
 I'm tired of lying around like a squid!
 I wanna go out there!" So that's what he did.

The shoe-headed boy and his blue plastic friend
 Walked out of their town – and began to descend
 To the dark, rocky valley between the two cities,
 Away from his friends and their light-hearted ditties.



Hey, this is swell, he said. "Gosh, this is fun!
 It's great that my lobster can get out and run!"
 But neither the toy nor the boy with the shoe
 Could see the disaster about to ensue.

For up in the rocks – hidden just out of sight
 Were six beady eyes filled with anger and spite!
 Six beady eyes watched our hero meander –
 Two shifty crooks, and their ruthless commander!

“Oh look! What good fortune!” the nasty one said.
 “Here comes a poor fool with a shoe on his head!”
 “I bet he’s got money!” “I bet he’s got gold!”
 “Or maybe some jewelry he’d like us to hold!”

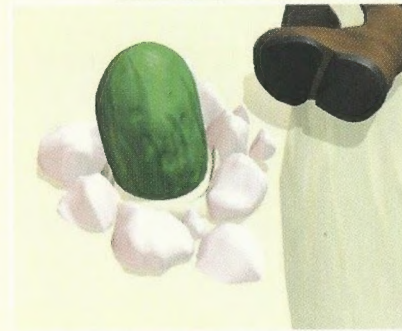


“Whatever the booty, I think I could stand it...
 Why, that’s what I live for! That’s why I’m a bandit!”
 And then they attacked him from under their rock.
 First they knocked off his shoe,
 Then they knocked off his sock!



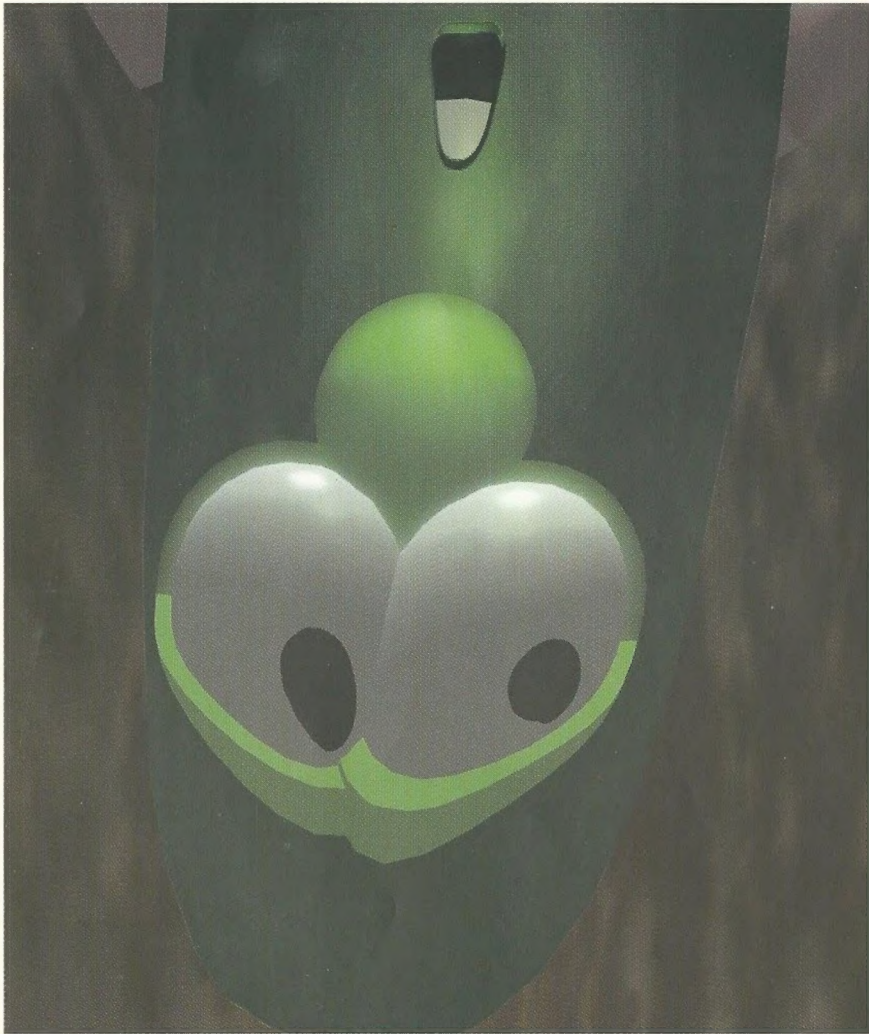
But the thing they did next
 Was extremely un-funny:
 Why, they shook him so hard
 That he dropped his milk money!
 "Hey!" he protested, "I don't like your ilk!
 How will I grow strong if I don't drink my milk?"

But they didn't care –
 They'd accomplished their goal.
 So they put our friend down –
 Stuck his head in a hole,
 And walked off with his money, every last nickel.
 Then yelled back as they left,
 "See ya 'round, silly pickle!"

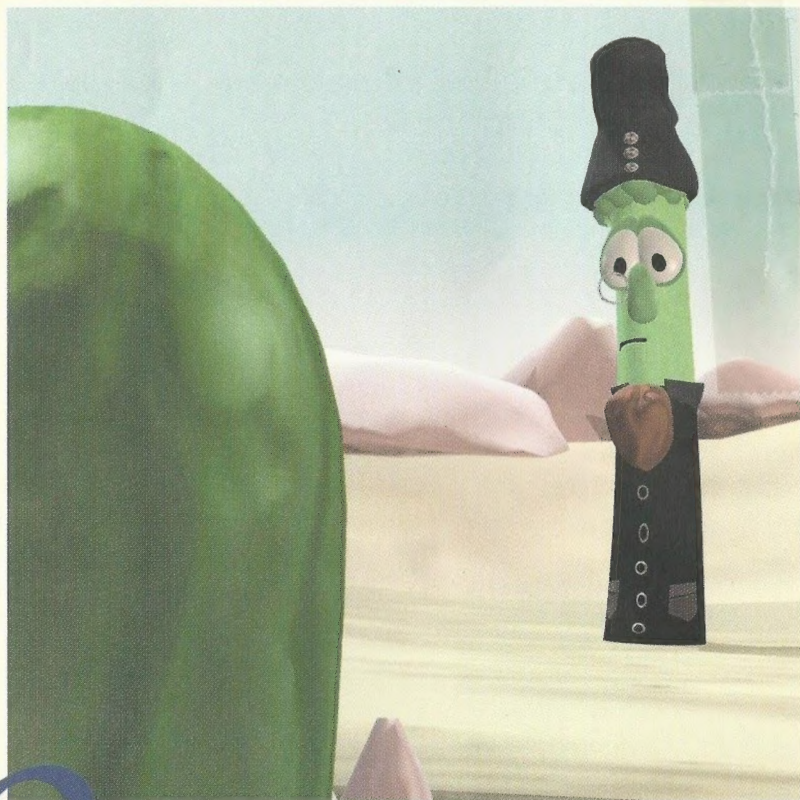


Then he said with a moan,
"Well, I guess I'm alone."

But this was a loneliness he'd never known.
His friends were far off and his lobster was missing.
The sound he could hear was just the wind hissing.



Things looked pretty grim
For our Flibbian buddy.
His head in a hole, his shoe bent and muddy ...
But then, were those footsteps? Oh, could it be true?
Along came the mayor of Flibber-o-loo!



Of anyone, surely *he'd* help the poor soul!
 "Hello!" said the boy with his head in a hole.
 "I seem to have fallen – I seem to be stuck!
 But now that you're here, well, I guess I'm in luck!"

"Oh, dear!" said the mayor, observing the shoe.
 "A fellow in need. And he's Flibbian, too!
 Young man, I have noticed your dire situation.
 And please rest assured that I share your frustration."

But, how can I put this?
 Oh, what can I say?
 Ah! Maybe you'll understand better *this way!*"

*I'm busy, busy, dreadfully busy!
 You've no idea what I have to do!
 Busy, busy, shockingly busy!
 Much, much too busy for you!*





As soon as the mayor had finished his song,
A Flibbian doctor came strolling along.
"Out of my way!" she said, starting to slide.
"If you and your pickle would please step aside –"

"I'm very important! I can't stand and chat."

"Well, that's not *my* pickle, I found him like that!
Besides, it so happens I'm noteworthy too!
Why, I am the mayor of Flibber-o-loo!"

I see," said the doctor, "then you'll understand
Without an appointment I can't lend a hand.
There're folks with bronchitis,
There're kids with the flu!"
She said to the mayor of Flibber-o-loo.
"If I'm not mistaken, you're quite busy, too."





Well, they talked about schedules,
Compared daily planners,
Till finally a voice said,
"Please pardon my manners –
I don't mean ta bug ya, I see that you're busy,
But being inverted has made me quite dizzy!"

The two other Flibbians paused for a while,
They looked at each other,
Then said with a smile,

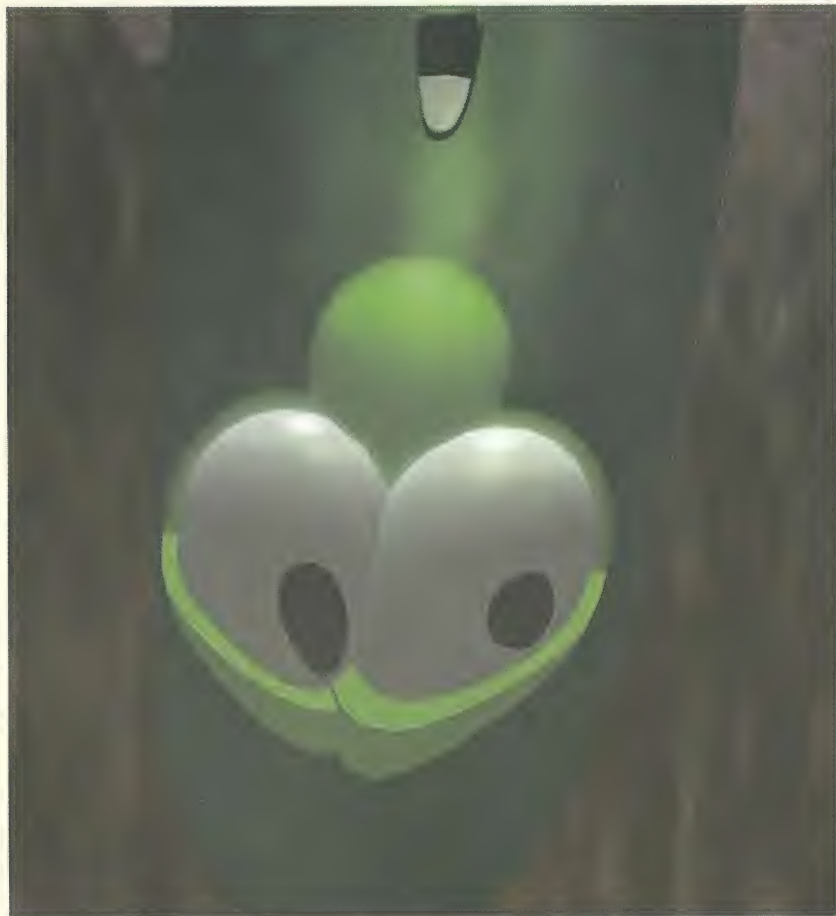
*We're busy, busy, dreadfully busy!
You've no idea what we have to do!
Busy, busy, shockingly busy!
Much, much too busy for you!*

*'Cuz we're busy, busy, frightfully busy!
More than a bumble bee, more than an ant!
Busy, busy, horridly busy!
We'd love to help but ... we **CAN'T**!*



O h, it was just dreadful!
How could they desert
Their Flibbian friend with his head in the dirt?
"That's it, then... I'm finished.

I'll die here, down-under.
If they would not help me,
Then who would?" he wondered.



B ut wait! Someone else on the road overhead!
Would *they* help a friend beaten up, left for dead?
Oh, look! On his head, not a shoe, but a pot!
Why, this little guy was from Jibber-de-lot!

Would *he* help a *Flibbian*? Certainly not!



The boy with the pot
Saw our friend with the shoe.
"Oh, look!" he exclaimed. "He's from Flibber-o-loo!
Why, they think we're garbage!
They pelt us with shoes!
Why should I care if he's beaten and bruised?"

"But, out here in the wild his chances are slim.
If I was in need would I want help from him?"
He looked at our friend, and he looked at the shoe.
And then in his heart, he knew what to do.

He may be Flibbian, that's plain to see,
But God made him special.
Just like He made me."
So he got him unstuck, and he picked up his shoe,
And together, they walked back to Flibber-o-loo.





Out of the valley, and back into town,
Where he stayed by his side
Till the doctor was found.

"Oh, my!" said the doctor. "He's wearing a pot!
That little one there is from Jibber-de-lot!
You saved this fellow? You pulled him through it?
I don't understand – tell me, why did you do it?"

*He has a shoe, and I have a pot
But when we look deeper there's more that we've got!
God made us special and now I can see
If you're special to Him then you're special to me!*

*Love your neighbor!
When someone helps you then you'll understand!
When you love your neighbor
Loving means lending a hand!*

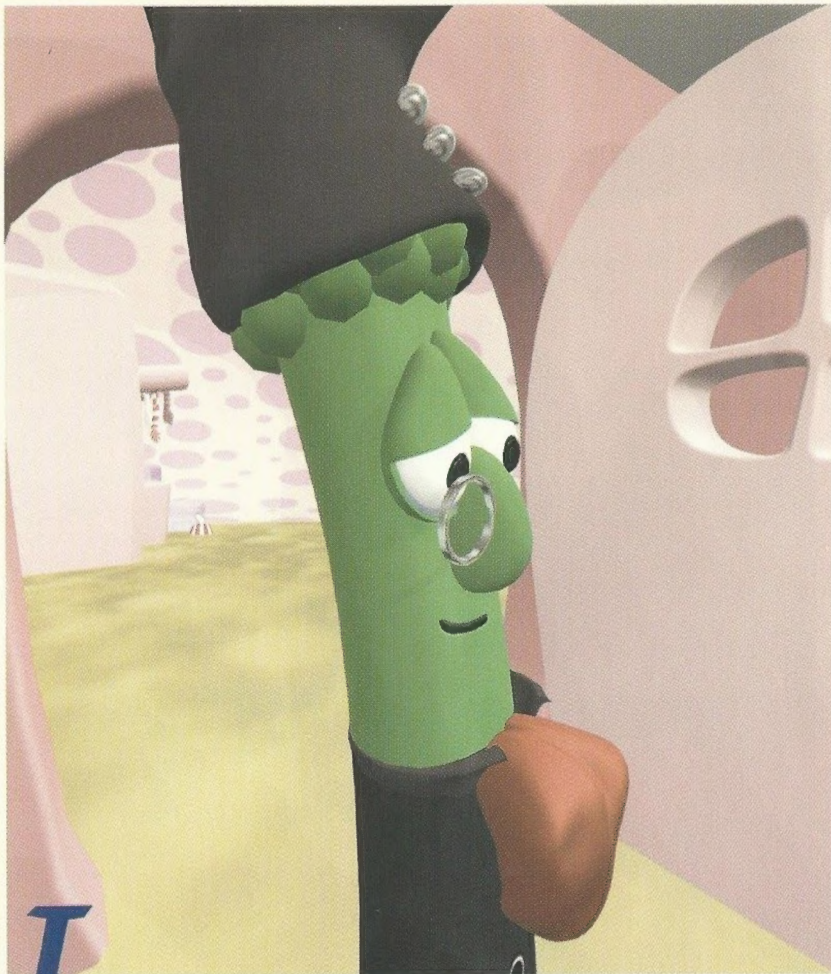


*If you see someone who's hurt or in need
 Maybe it's time to perform a good deed!
 And when you've finished you'll find that it's true
 When you make them feel better you'll feel better too!*

*Love your neighbor!
 When someone helps you then you'll understand!
 When you love your neighbor
 Loving means lending a hand!*



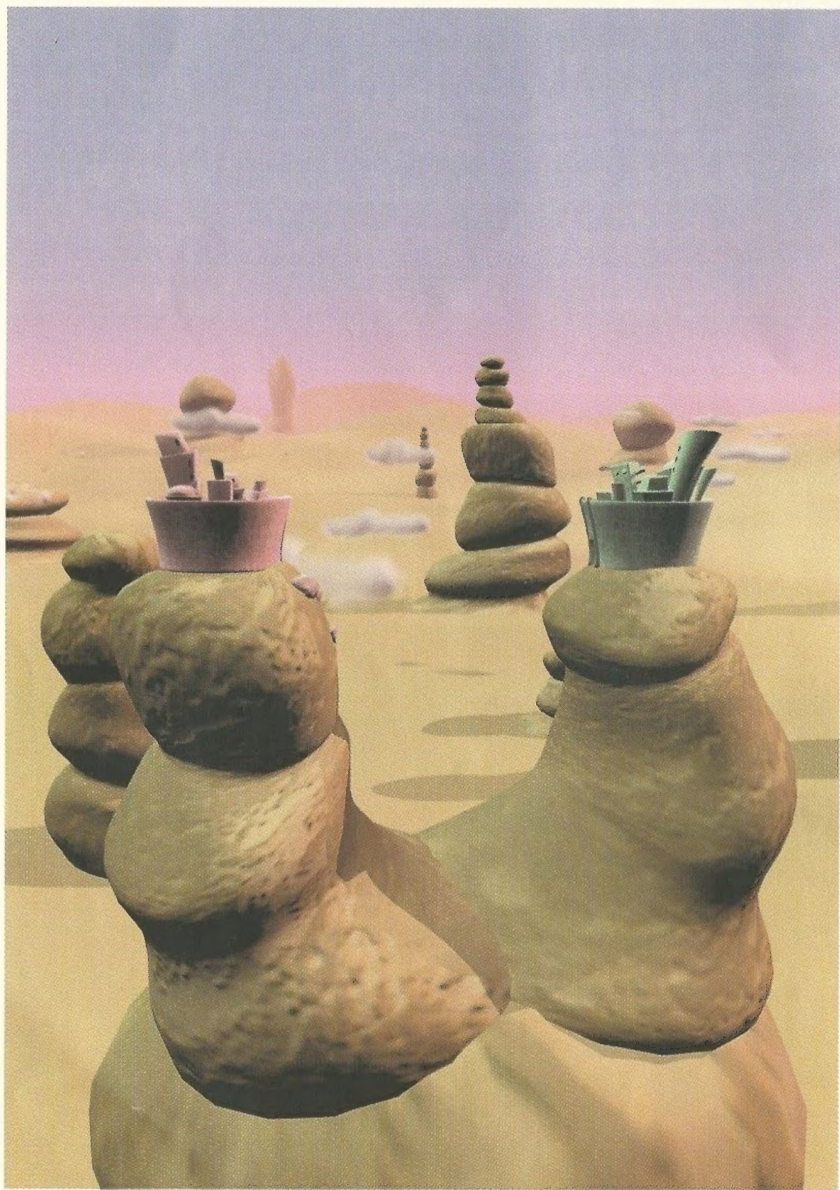
*So the boy with the pot
 Gave the doctor some money
 To pay for the cucumber's bill.
 And the mayor cried out,
 With his eyes moist and runny,
 "I'm touched by his act of goodwill."*



If this little guy can take care of his brother,
 When he lives in one town –
 And he in the other,
 Why can't we all try to help one another?
 And love will surround our fair hill!"

Now if you visit the mountains of Fibble
 You won't see a shoe or a pot.
 Instead, they throw flowers and candy to nibble.
 I bet that you'd like it a lot!





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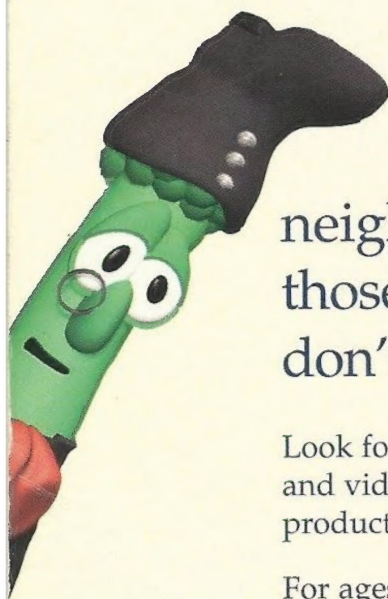
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